

Recent Publications.

MISS HITCHCOCK'S WEDDING DRESS. By the author of "Mrs Jerminham's Journal." New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. For sale by Loring, Short & Harmon.

There are few who will take up this book without reading everything between its covers. The story is not long, covering but about two hundred and fifty pages, and interesting incidents follow close upon each other. The opening is boldly conceived and somewhat improbable but the author maintains the position well and we will not find it difficult to illusion. Miranda and her older sister Sophy, daughters of a deceased clergyman have established themselves as seamstresses in the city of London. The opening chapter finds them at work upon Miss. Hitchcock's wedding dress. The time is evening and when tired with her week's work the older sister retires,

Viribus cannot resist the temptation to fold her arms round herself in the wedding garment. But as her party is not so well possessed a mirror or adequate to the occasion, she is obliged to front parlor, which she knows to be unoccupied at the time, and there, drawing on a pair of gloves opportunely dropped, she enjoys the effect to her hearts content. Soon she hears carriages stopping at the door of the adjoining house and the sound of the music tells her that a ball is in progress. Upon the impulse of the moment, arrayed as she is she glides out of the door and follows a party just ascending the steps into the house, where she is introduced to Gregory's nephew." or in other words Mr. Trevelyan. Now this Mr. Trevelyan is

the gentleman engaged to be married to Miss Hitchcock, but he has already begun to doubt the genuineness of his love for her. Miranda's apparition confirms his doubts and he straightway falls irrevocably in love with the seamstress. This is accomplished in the first two chapters. The reader is then struck, as, of course, devoted to the satisfactory breaking off of the first engagement and the contraction of the one ideal. There is a pleasant by-play, in the friendship formed between Mr Gaunt, artist and physician, and Maria Lesche, the denouement of which is left entirely with the reader. The characters of Miranda and Mr. Cressingham are altogether perfect, and if

The book is certainly not a psychological study after the manner of George Eliot, but rather a brisk, sprightly story very well told, and will entertain a few hours of leisure very pleasantly. Herein it no doubt meets the impositions of the author.

PAUSANIAS THE SPARTAN. By the late Lord Lytton. New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale by Toring, Short & Harmon.

Pausanias the Spartan is an unadorned his-

terical romance by the late Lord Lytton (Bulwer). It is but a fragment, one of the three volumes contemplated, and incomplete at that, not brief as it is, it shows the touch of the mingled glowing and the sketches of Byzantine and Spartan life which would give the result of faithful study. Some of the scenes, such as the Fight with the Helot, the interview with the Greek Captain, the Banquet of Antagoras, the Review of the Fleets and the Interview of the Spartan Lovers, are very forcible and will go into literature as fine reading. Like all unfinished works of great authors, it is somewhat disappointing to lack the conclusion, yet the editor is to be thanked for giving us so valuable a fragment.

The American Kennel and Sporting Field. By Arnold Barges, late Editor of American Sportsman. New York: J. B. Ford & Co. For sale by Loring, Short & Hammon.

The American Kennel is a volume devoted to an account of Setters, Pointers, Spaniels, Retrievers and Scent Hounds, dogs especially adapted to the pursuit of game as game dogs. The name of the author is sufficient guaranty that the work is unerringly written, and that it will be of high authority with sportsmen. In addition to descriptions of the best breeds and some of the best known specimens, chapters are given on kennel managements, breeding &c. A list of pedigrees of the best dogs

M'Guire on Tilden.
The Syracuse Standard prints a full report of the speech, mainly devoted to the setting forth of the shortcomings of Gov. Tilden, which ex-Speaker McGuire delivered at the greenback convention in that city on Wednesday. We make the following extracts:

"For what purpose did Tweed and Tilden seize the organization, its management and control? Simply to commit the Democratic party to the basest policy of the nation, and equally as sincere as Tilden, in what was factiously called a platform of professions of party autonomy and independence, to enable of

late, and a holy horror of frauds, peculations, or cuprations or malfeasances. Professions and professions of freedom have been pressed into history, and in Tilden's it will soon be the same category. That great and greater things place them both in the niche of the gallery, and the other as the cowardly, sneaking demagogue, a compound of the whining hypocrisy of Pockles and the crawling treachery of the traitor Uriah Heep, seeking to accomplish by indirection what his more bold associate openly attempts. They may be as different as the sun and moon, but they are both traitors together, hand in hand, as they ran the Democratic organization, the one infamous for the crimes of his crimes, the other for his treachery to friends and promises and professions to a confiding and betrayed people. The running of the organization is a real tragedy.

head and Tilden at the tail—Rome was not large enough to hold two Caesars—and New York was too large to hold two Caesars. It was worthier. So the crafty, subtle tactics of the one were brought into requisition upon the other. Tilden became the informer and turned the tables of the law against his opponent's estate. Tweed fell and Tilden rose and became master of the organization which Tweed had so cleverly slung. The Tilden administration, though of a local character, the suspended frauds exposed produced a profound impression upon the public mind and secured a permanent to the other. Charles V. retired to a convent to do penance for his misdeeds, and Tilden retired to his estate to do penance for the reformer. From this retreat he issued elaborate essays to prove himself the destroyer of the formidable New York ring, and when the legislature met he was elected Governor.

a long seal-skin coat, in imitation of the lion skin worn by Hercules at the slaying of the father of the hero. He is a very shrewd fellow, and he is not a little disappointed that he is not a lion, but cheap imitation at that; he imitates Pecksnuff, he imitates Urish Heep, he imitates a great many other things, but he is not a lion, although not least, he is an imitation Democrat. There can be no question that the majority of the lion-skin party are imitators, and in order to express their own convictions, would undoubtedly declare in favor of the repeal of the tariff. But the lion-skin party trust its management to Tilden & Co., with the lion-skin party the party will be again misrepresented, and again start on the road to defeat. Tilden is not a lion, but that can not be helped, and he will control the convention for the selection of delegates to the National Convention. He has a large following, and he will have the lion-skin party's accession to power but that. Every town

and county committee has been subordinated to the County Board. The county board members, the assessors and canal commissioners were but auxiliaries of his unquenchable ambition. His countrymen, however, were not so easily reformed, his professions of superior honesty, swinging around the circle, and making political speeches, did not induce them to elect him to the National Convention. He was the man who smashes of rings, the friend of the people, relieving them from taxation, are the tricks and the rascals of the campaign to elect S. J. Tilden to the height of his aspirations,"

FIXE WARREN—After reading the following, who is the crowd who will dare say that fine writing in newspapers is a lost art?

Monday last, town meeting day was damp disagreeable and well calculated to dampen

the ardor of aspirants for fame as one might expect. The crowd was so dense that it was difficult to traipse would be likely to spend such a day in the house, and in doing so they thought to pursue a wise course. Yet a strange thing had happened. The streets on that eventful day would have wondered what could be the cause of all the trouble. The streets were filled with a crowd of people, the gray filled all the sidewalks and the main highway. Around the City Hall the singing of the birds was heard. The air was so clear and deep and long. Sanford's hair sons the stair-walk and the brave came in full force to dig for the cause of the trouble. The fire filled every breast, proud shoulders bore the fire. The crowd, the clashing armor and the din of the streets. The "blood," warm gushing blood was seen. Feel upon the ground. The sand guns, all undismayed. Sanford's sturdy

For victory or death came they prepared
and death they got. And though they shared
de-feat 'twixt high and low the same, some
are desirous of posthumous fame. On history's
flowing page recorded stand those grand events
that honor do the land and more than this,
is written something worse, if those old fossilized
clods wold have no hearer, whose carcasses

